Trope: Shipwrecked (Hannigram AU)

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Trope: Shipwrecked (Hannigram AU)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When a nobleman washes ashore on the island Will has lived alone for many years it is not an ideal situation. Especially when it comes to heats...

Notes

My July 2019 prompt fill, and last fic for this year's #SummertimeSlick, for the prompt: Vacation

Will looked up and huffed, the ship in the distance was flying a pirate flag so he gave it no mind. They never came ashore, too much trouble with so many rocks in the shallows that would scuttle even a little row boat. And from the distance they'd need to keep, there looked to be nothing of interest on the island, save a few fruit trees along the beach line. Nothing to them but invaluable to Will.

Anyone passing the island might think it unremarkable, and Will had settled on the island exactly for that reason. He had no plans to be part of society, no plans to see another person as long as he lived. And that suited him just fine.

He had been on the island for several years now, though he'd never really kept count. His estimate was based on having six heats a year, each managed in the privacy of the small hut he had built and added to over the years.

It was a quiet life. The life he had always wanted. The few things he missed he knew he could easily obtain if he pushed off in his small boat that remained moored at the inlet. But he never wanted anything enough to do that.

When Will was awoken later that night, his first thought was of the pirate ship.

His hut was just back from the treeline, and he could almost swear it sounded like someone sputtering to shore. But there wasn't enough noise in the shallows for it to be a landing party, and they'd have been lucky not to be dashed on the rocks on this side of the island. The only safe route was the inlet and Will had taken pains to make that look inhospitable over the years.

When the direction of the wind changed and no longer carried the sound to the hut, Will rose from bed and lit a lamp, keeping the flame low and shielding it behind his hand as he went outside so as not to be too conspicuous.

By the moonlight he could see nothing at first and so dared walk further down to the shore. It wasn't until he was almost at the shoreline that he saw the little boat smashed on the rocks, and the body that had washed ashore.

Will hesitated a moment before moving towards it. Likely the man was from a passing ship and made for the island only to be brought low by the rocks. Will chided himself for being somewhat glad not to have company when it had come at the cost of life.

And then the man took a gasping breath.

*

Will sat on the beach, looking out at the water and trying to ignore the sounds coming from the hut.

He grit his teeth and felt his skin prickle.

It had been almost a month for sure and Will had barely spoken to the omega. He had hauled him from the beach to the hut, stinking as he did of salt water and bile. By which point the man had revived enough to shrug Will off and barricade himself inside, effectively evicting Will.

Will had taken to sleeping in the tiny cabin on his boat moored at the inlet, and avoiding the other omega as much as possible.

So far they hadn't got past forced pleasantries and the stitled exchange of names. Count Hannibal Lecter VIII was likely not thrilled to find himself in the company of Will Graham, a pauper who had climbed the army ranks under the pretense of being an alpha, and was now a deserter. Not that either of them divulged more than their names then.

A few days after arriving, likely when the freshwater supply in the hut was depleted, the man had emerged, but kept his distance. He'd apologised and asked for water and Will had obliged him silently, placing a pail next to the door later that day.

That was when Lecter explained he had been kidnapped for ransom but had managed to escape the pirates as they passed the island. A story that didn't surprise Will and was clearly confirmed by the man's airs and graces.

Will had seen this type of fancy omega before - nobility. His ostentatious clothes had been ruined by the sea and whatever else he had been through. Certainly the brief glances that Will took, showed damage that must have been made by rough handling rather than the sea.

Even these weeks on, in this heat, the omega still wore the clothes. Clinging to the past, whilst Will walked around in nothing more than one of the many coverings he'd fashioned from cloth to protect his intimate parts, his skin bronzed. Certainly a different look to Will's unruly hair and beard that he took a sharp knife to once in a while. The other omega was pale, and only a few times had Will spotted him without his jacket, down to britches and a shirt.

Except this day.

They had started to live in tandem. The nobleman in the hut, accepting the food and water Will left there for him as though being provided for by a servant. He seemed to have started reading through Will's small collection of books, and taking walks farther and farther from the hut.

Will, in the meantime, had continued to go about his daily business of setting traps, fishing, harvesting fruit and grains. The general business of life, though now with two mouths to feed. He was at least grateful that the other omega did not try to engage him in conversation.

They both still kept to themselves and settled into a sort of companionable existence.

Will's main concern was their heats. Will's wasn't very far off, and this other omega he had no idea about, but as the weeks past his must also be drawing near. Did they ignore each other? What happened if their heats coincided? The affluent omega was likely used to having some sort of service companion through his heats.

It was a consideration Will had had more than once, and maybe it was the same consideration, the same curiosity that meant Will did not turning away when he noticed the Count bathing.

Will hadn't even realised Lecter had ventured further inland to the freshwater stream that came down from the small mountain at the centre of the island. But there he was, naked and bathing.

His skin was pale except his face, lower arms and around his neck - all the places not covered by his fine clothing that now sat neatly piled on a nearby rock. Those areas were growing a healthy tan that showed the omega would take well to the sun.

Will wondered for a moment if he should make his presence known, but there was something not quite right, that Will's common sense told him to further investigate before revealing himself. Something in the way the Count carried himself with the airs and graces of his clothing gone. The strength and shape of his body that, whilst Will knew from experience was not unknown for an omega, seemed out of place on one with so dainty a past.

Lecter lay back and let his long hair flow out behind him, floating on his back. Will couldn't help but let his eyes roam, his breath catching in his throat and jaw clenching.

He practically growled as he stormed forward, not sure what he was about to say as he realised the man had never actually mislead him, as much as he felt betrayed. Hannibal Lecter being an omega had been his own assumption and nothing had given him cause to consider the contrary, not until seeing the thick flesh of the man's exposed cock. The clear shape of the man's deflated knot.

Lecter startled at the sound of Will storming through the undergrowth and got to his feet in the water.

It came to mid thigh now he stood, his body glistening with the water and teeth bared. His stance inexperienced but clearly instinctive - ready to defend himself.

“Don’t come any closer,” Lecter growled. “I may be of high breeding, but I am not unable to defend myself from savages.”

Will stopped at that, frowning and energy buzzing through him, though he wasn’t sure he’d ever planned to attack the man.

“Savage,” Will rolled the word over in his mouth, glancing down at his reflection in the water. Yes, he likely did look like a savage to the alpha. “I’m no threat to you.” Will growled the word and turned on his heel. He’d come here to find peace, no matter how savage he looked.

*

“I’d like to apologise,” Lecter’s voice was a low rumble but jarred Will nonetheless.

“There’s nothing to apologise for,” Will replied bluntly. He was sat on the beach, looking out over the water. He’d been sat there for hours fashioning a new rod for fishing, but now the sun was setting and he knew he should head back to his boat.

“All the same,” Hannibal replied in that clipped tone that reminded Will of the alpha’s social status. “I didn’t mean to imply you were a savage.”

Will nodded his acknowledgement biting his, “wasn’t so much an implication,” he murmured, then stiffened as the alpha took a seat next to him on the sand.

“I have heard stories of aggressive alphas, and may have allowed that to colour my-” Lecter started, Will blinked and cut him off.

“Alpha? I’m not… what?” Will frowned, feeling his skin prickle at how close he realised Hannibal was when he turned to look at him.

“I…” Lecter started with a frown before looking him over, “I thought you…”

“I thought alphas had a keen sense of smell,” Will grunted the words, unsure why he was quite so annoyed at Lecter having essentially done the same thing he had.

“Indeed, I’ve never smelled anything quite like you before,” Lecter responded, the harshness of the words a little forced and Will was sure he was blushing, though it was hard to make out in the dim light. Even so, the alpha persevered, “You smell very different to anything I’ve…” Lecter trailed off and there definitely was a blush then, before he cleared his throat and continued, “it is quite difficult to scent you, you smell like the woods and the ocean, so…”

Will gave a curt nod at that, partly because he just didn’t want to continue discussing his scent with an alpha. In fact having one on the island at all made him uneasy in a way he couldn’t quite describe.

He cleared his throat, picked up the items he was working with and stood.

“Goodnight,” Will said, meaning it to sound more gruff than it came out. Lecter replied the same in another low rumble that Will felt travel up his spine.

*

Will woke thirsty.

He moaned as he rolled over on the small bunk to reach for his flask only to find it empty. He must have drank it dry in the night.

The cabin was stiflingly hot.

“Oh…” Will closed his eyes and took a deep, calming breath a moment before he felt the cramp in his pelvis.

He knew his heat was due, but now it was here, with someone else on the island - an alpha - he felt uncomfortable about it.

He and Lecter had not talked any more than they had before he’d realised the man was an alpha. If anything, Will had less to say to the man that still occupied his hut.

Whilst it wasn’t exactly the height of luxury his *guest* was likely used to, Will might have not given it up had he known the man was an alpha. When he thought Lecter was an omega, he had made no move to evict him once he’d recovered from his ordeal. After all, Will knew what it was to be an omega, alone in a strange place.

After he discovered Lecter’s true dynamic, it still felt wrong to evict him given that it didn’t change how delicate and prissy the man was. But now Will was really regretting that decision.

The boat cabin was too cramped, too enclosed. He wanted to spend his heat - as always - in the hut with the windows open and room to nest. Not much he could do about that now.

Will groaned and tried to roll over again in the slim bunk as another wave of need washed over him, slick swelling out of him.

“Will?”

The way his name was tentatively asked made Will wonder if it had been said more than once. He looked up and made out a figure in the doorway, realising that the sun was now on that side of the boat, obscuring his vision slightly. He must have passed out for a few hours.

“I could hear you and… um, smell you. Are you alright?” Lecter looked genuinely concerned, Will could see as he moved further into the cabin.

“Heat…” Will managed to growl the word, not sure if he was angry at the situation or the uninvited alpha being there. Likely both.

“I…” Lecter looked around, as though he might find something to help. Wasn’t like he was going to find a damn service alpha around like was no doubt the norm amongst his peers.

“I want my hut back,” Will grunted as he sat up, blankets sticking to his sweaty body. He couldn’t help the whine as he stood and slick leaked down his thighs.

“I could…” Lecter seemed hesitant, and Will didn’t miss the colour rising on his cheeks.

“Don’t you dare suggest you service me during my heat.” Will growled.

“No, of course,” Hannibal held up placating hands, “I didn’t mean to offend you. I understand without access to service alphas you might likely be pure and-”

“I’m not a virgin,” Will snapped, “I just don’t want some stuck up, duplicitous nobleman knotting me.”

Will pushed off the bed and passed Lecter, trying not to touch him even remotely, which was difficult considering he only had a blanket wrapped around his waist. Their arms brushed against each other and it took everything in Will to keep walking.

The air seemed to crackle between them and draw them together as Will made his way off the boat and stalked towards the hut, Lecter following close behind him.

“What can I do to help? Shall I get you water? Shall I-”

“Leave me alone!” Will turned on his heel to growl the words to Lecter’s face. He misjudged how small the distance between them was and they crashed into each other.

Will stood there shaking as Lecter took hold of him, stopping them both from falling. They were both panting and neither making any kind of move. As still as they could be but for the involuntary movements.

“I’m sorry,” Lecter said softly. “I’ve been a prig. I was… I took it for granted that someone would take care of me, I took advantage of the kindness you’ve shown me.”

Will couldn’t help but snort, “Kindness? Did I have any choice? You practically evicted me and can clearly not fend for yourself. Was I supposed to watch you starve to death?”

“Thank you,” Lecter breathed the words, his eyes speaking of how genuine his thanks were. And more. How clearly he wanted to show those thanks.

Will didn’t stop him as the alpha pulled him closer and lowered his nose to Will’s scent gland.

“What are you doing?” Will asked gruffly, though he didn’t pull back or push Lecter away.

“Thanking you, if that’s what you want. If that’s how you’d like to think of it,” He nuzzled into Will’s neck, mouthing over his scent gland and making Will even more wet. “But if you ask me to stop I will…”

“Don’t stop,” Will replied breathlessly as he slipped his hands into Hannibal’s long hair and pulled them together until their mouths met hungrily.

Hannibal growled into his mouth, hands slipping down to Will’s ass and lifting him. The blanket fell away as his legs wrapped around Hannibal, his slick soiling what remained of the man’s expensive trousers.

“Let me help you,” Hannibal pressed the words to Will’s mouth and Will nodded, not wanting to deny himself the help even though he knew this was a crazy idea. They had barely talked and yet were here trapped together, and now they were going to be intimate. Maybe a precedent for each subsequent heat.

Will growled at the thought, at not wanting to deny himself. The fact was his heat would likely be all the worse for having an alpha nearby, so in many ways it was Lecter’s responsibility to see him through it.

He didn’t protest as Lecter held onto him as though he weighed nothing, and took him to the hut.

It stank of alpha from Lecter’s occupation and only resulted in the flow of more slick.

Will didn’t want to want this, but he did. And that want was never more clear to either of them as when Lecter laid him on the bed and stepped away to admire him. Will’s cock bobbed and his thighs glistened with slick.

“Beautiful,” Lecter muttered before starting to pull off his own clothes. Too many layers, because then he was moving forward anyway, still undressing as he moved over Will and took his mouth again.

“Knot me,” Will moaned, feeling Lecter shudder against him at the words.

With a real knot, Will’s heat was likely to subside within two days, not the four or five it often became as his body longed for a satisfaction. He tried to convince himself that was the only reason for his desire.

“Please… Hannibal…” Will was sure it was the first time he’d ever used the man’s name and that much seemed apparent in the resulting alphan groan.

“Will,” Lecter breathed his name against his scent gland before sucking on it, grazing it with his teeth as Will tried to pull off the man’s shirt.

They shared another kiss before the shirt was discarded and Hannibal stepped back to divest himself of his britches and underthings. Will couldn’t help the whimper as his large cock sprang free, his knot already starting to swell with interest.

“Lord almighty,” Will exclaimed, “I need you…”

Hannibal growled and surged forward, he was between Will’s legs before there was time for further thought.

“Just this, helping, servicing. Knot me…” Will hoped Hannibal understood his babbling, the boundaries he was laying down. He didn’t want a lover, that wasn’t what this was. He needed a service alpha, nothing more.

Even if his mind screamed otherwise as Hannibal moved forward and pushed inside him. He sank to the hilt in one long thrust that had Will near convulsing with pleasure.

Instinctively, Will threw his arms and legs around the man, kissing and nuzzling him as he started an increasingly fast ryhthym, until he was fucking Will into the bed.

Will groaned and writhed as Hannibal drove him closer and closer to orgasm. Feeling his knot press almost painfully against him and then withdraw, until it was almost entering him each time. A painful tease that Will wanted more of.

“Please alpha…” He moaned, at which Hannibal shuddered again, huffing a breath against Will’s neck. And then he thrust hard. Three times, slamming into him until his knot popped and locked them together.

“Oh fuck,” Will cried out, his whole body tightening and his throbbing cock releasing, spilling over his torso as Hannibal spilled inside him.

They clung to each other, tied and panting.

Will felt sated and euphoric. He couldn’t wait for them to do this again and again over the next few days.

*

Will hadn’t expected to wake in Hannibal’s arms so it wasn’t a massive shock that he didn’t.

Even so, he also hadn’t expected to not find the alpha anywhere around the place. His heat over, Will’s interest in Lecter returned to what it had been before and apparently the same was true for the alpha.

Just an acknowledgement that he existed. Shared a space. Just an alpha that happened to be there. Often in the way.

So whilst he wasn’t hating the fact that Lecter had been there to see him through his heat, he also wasn’t expecting that it meant anything. To either of them.

And it clearly didn’t.

With his heat completely subsided, Will made his way to the inlet and bathed there, trying to ignore the strange sense of regret as he washed off the scent of sex from his skin. He dried off in the boat cabin, putting it right and hoping the scent of his own heat in there would recede soon.

Lecter didn’t return to their little patch of their island until late into the evening, just before dusk. And clearly, much as with Will, he was unsure of their sleeping arrangements now. Will was strangely loath to give up either space, in a weirdly territorial way. He didn’t want the alpha to get the wrong idea by being allowed to stay in either the boat or the hut, but it wasn’t like there was another option for him.

“I’ve been… looking for some caves, an outcropping but…” Lecter spoke quietly as he approached where Will sat on the beach.

Will looked up at him and cocked his head, tracking the alpha as he took a seat next to him.

“To reside,” He clarified. “Until I can find a way off of the island. It has been very rude of me to encroach upon your space.”

Will huffed a laugh, “Oh, I see. You didn’t seem to have an issue with that when you thought I was an alpha. But now that you know I’m a delicate little thing-”

“Will, you are… far from delicate,” Lecter interjected firmly.

Will huffed again and couldn’t help his smile. He liked this Lecter, the way he was a little more relaxed in some ways but so tightly wound in others. And more considerate than Will had given him credit for before. Not that he’d been exactly hospitable.

“You can stay in the hut or the boat, whichever you prefer. I prefer the hut for my heats, but I’m sure there will be a rescue party looking for you soon enough. No need to go building something you won’t get chance to finish.”

Lecter frowned a moment and then shook his head, “I think I will be here some while. The pirates chose the wrong bounty really. My father passed some time ago and due to the nature of our family, the family claim and title passed to his brother, Roberto. I’m due nothing. And with children of his own, I can’t imagine he sees my loss as something of concern. He’ll likely make a show of it for a month or two and then I’ll just be a story. The alphan son of the late Count Hannibal Lecter VII, lost to the savagery of the sea.”

Will quirked his brow, “There you go with the savages again. You know, not everyone that isn’t European nobility is a savage.”

Will held back the chuckle, only releasing it when Lecter looked at him sharply as though trying to gauge if it was a taunt or a tease.

“Apparently,” Lecter replied, his mouth twitching slightly at the corner. “You, at least, seem more agreeable today than any before.”

Will huffed and shook his head, chuckling again. “Honestly? I find it hard to be completely cold with someone who has seen me naked.”

Will enjoyed the way the alpha’s cheeks heated, likely at the memory of them being more than just naked together.

“Understandably,” He finally replied. “I too feel more personable, it would be rude not to.”

Will shook his head, amused by the wording, before relaxing back into the sand and looking up at the emerging stars.

Lecter took it as a cue and lay back as well, letting out a sigh as he did so.

“Tell me Will, about your life.”

Will looked at him askance for a moment, and then began to divulge everything. His childhood, the New World, his infertility and rejections, his serving in the army. And finally how he left it all behind in want of a quiet life. Away from everyone.

Almost everyone.

*

The months slipped on, and Hannibal was right. No one came looking for him. No ships passed, no boats attempted to make for shore.

Hannibal had started to try and work out ways he might be able to build some sort of raft to try and at least find a passing ship. Will couldn't help but discourage him, the waters were rife with pirates and other mercenaries that might hope to get a bounty on him. Even a proper boat wouldn't offer much protection against such people, which might be why Will never mentioned that his harboured boat was still completely seaworthy.

And… Hannibal had never asked.

Will rolled over and nuzzled against Hannibal's side. It was the third heat he had spent with Will, but the first time he had not found an excuse to disappear as soon as he had realised the omega's hormones had settled.

"Good morning," Will muttered against his skin, wondering if he would jump out of bed and hurry out of the hut. But surprisingly, he didn't.

Hannibal spoke softly as he stroked a hand along Will's side, "You told me once that after your mother died, your father left you to fend for yourself somewhat. Do you ever think what might have become of you here had he not? How even the bad things in life can have a resultant use?"

Will quirked a brow, "A little dramatic for this time of the morning isn't it?" He couldn't hold back his smile as he stretched out against the length of the alpha.

Hannibal let out a long breath, "Yes, I suppose I can be a little…" He sought the word but Will found it first.

"Pompous?"

Hannibal growled at Will and pressed him to the bed, covering the omega with his own body as he nuzzled against Will's scent gland.

Will groaned and wrapped his arms around the alpha. "You play dirty."

"I play to win."

Will's heart began to thump and he let his legs fall open, still slick from his heat. It was only a matter of a few movements before Hannibal was sliding into him and starting to rock a hard rhythm as the hut was filled with a cacophony of moans. The first time they had done this outside of Will's heat.

*

Over the months, Will could claim that they had become friendly.

They had found each other interesting.

Their previous situations in life counted for nothing here and that was becoming all the more obvious. Hannibal's long hair had become a mess and so he had used one of the sharp blades Will used to fillet the fish, to cut it short. He had taken to wearing just his britches, or more often, the underthings like those Will had fashioned.

The atmosphere was altogether more relaxed and so was the alpha. Whereas before it felt like they had fallen into a comfortable routine, it began to feel domestic, as far as it could on their deserted island.

If anything, life was better with two of them setting traps, fishing, picking fruit and vegetables, fixing and expanding the hut and the homely area growing around it.

But it wasn't until Will's third heat that they became more than friends.

Lovers, Will supposed.

Though neither of them spoke of it. After his heat, Hannibal had remained in his bed and had taken him again. And then he hadn't moved out. And Will never asked him to. They slept in the same bed, kissed and made love. Throughout the day they traded light touches, but never, ever spoke of what any of it meant.

Will was sure they probably should, but he found that he selfishly didn't want it to end.

*

"Hannibal!" Will cried out his name from the outcropping before he even thought about it.

This was the second ship that had passed since Hannibal had come to the island, the first had been flying a jolly roger, but this was flying a Dutch flag. Perhaps a trading vessel, it was still too far away to see well enough with the naked eye, but if it came closer…

"Will?" Hannibal called up to him and Will's stomach plummeted at the consequences of his actions. He saw Hannibal down on the beach, looking out to the stretch of sea that Will was facing and seeing the ship too.

When Will got back down to the beach, Hannibal had gone back to attaching lures to the lines.

"Hannibal didn't you… the ship…" Will forced himself to say the words, despite wishing he'd never said anything. He'd grown used to having Hannibal around, he'd found a new kind of peace that he never knew he could.

"I saw it," Hannibal replied, no emotion evident as he continued with his task.

Will frowned, he knew that some months ago Hannibal had started working further up the beach on a raft for just such a chance as this. He had to have finished something remotely sea worthy by now.

Maybe he hadn't and he was trying to hide his disappointment? Will had offered many times to help, but Hannibal had always been resistant to that.

"My boat, it… It is seaworthy. You can take it. Go home. If that's what…" Will's words were uncertain. He didn't really mean to let the last words fall from his mouth, and as it was the alpha might not be too happy with Will not having offered the boat before.

"I know. I know I can leave at any time." Hannibal let out a deep sigh and placed down the fishing gear. He looked around at the trees, the water. Finally looking at Will and cupping his hand to his cheek, running his thumb over Will's bottom lip. "But why would I when everything I want is here."

Will's breath caught in his chest.

He found himself nodding, basking in Hannibal's smile.

"Yes, okay. Okay," Will muttered, "I think that's…" He looked down at the supplies, "I think you need to fix that line better."

Hannibal's smile widened and Will blushed.

"Yes dear," Hannibal allowed before leaning in and gently kissing his omega.

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